

with her," said Mrs. Ross. "You have too many for one little girl, anyway."

"All right, mamma," said Amy, who was a generous little girl. "How can I get them to her?"

"I am going down to see if Effie's mamma can do some washing for me," said Mrs. Ross, "and you may go with me. Pick out the doll you want Effie to have, and we will start at once."

"Poor little Effie!" said Amy, as they neared the little house. "Just think of living in that little bit of a house and having no playthings!"

But when they reached the house three rosy little children were digging their pink toes into a heap of warm, white sand, and having the best time in the world. There were corn cob dolls standing solemnly around the sand pile, and each child had a tiny farm with pebbles and shells for animals, and little stick fences to divide the fields. Amy dropped right down to see the wonderful things the children had made, and forgot all about Polly Dolly, wrapped up in a newspaper.

"What did Effie think of Polly Dolly?" asked mamma when they started home.

"I didn't give her to Effie, mamma," said Amy. "She has the loveliest playthings in all the world and mine aren't half as nice. She isn't poor at all, but rich."

"All little boys and girls are rich who know how to have good times and be happy," said her mamma. "Never forget that, dearie! All the playthings in the world will not make selfish children happy, while good boys and girls can make their own playthings and have good times all the year round. I am very glad to hear she isn't poor, Effie, but a rich, happy little girl."—Hilda Richmond, in *Herald and Presbyter*.

PUZZLED.

Now when I hurt myself at play,
I do, you know, most ev'ry day,
My mother always kisses me
And says, "I'm sorry as can be!"
And when to-night I told a lie,
And I could only cry and cry
'Cause I felt achy round my heart,
And all my throat began to smart,
She seemed to love to see me cry!
I wonder why she did, and why
Did mother say, "Dear little lad,
I am so glad, I am so glad?"

—Alice Van Leer Carrick.

MORE THAN TOOLS NEEDED.

A young Italian knocked one day at the door of an artist's studio in Rome, and, when it was opened, exclaimed: "Please, madam, will you give me the master's brush?" The painter was dead, and the boy, filled with a longing to be an artist, wished for the great master's brush. The lady placed the brush in the boy's hand saying: "This is his brush; try it, my boy." With a flush of earnestness on his face he tried, but found he could paint no better than with his own. The lady then said to him: "You cannot paint like the great master unless you have his spirit."

Only by the power of the Holy Spirit are we able to successfully carry on the Master's work.

The same great lesson was taught once in a museum

of old-time armor. When a visitor was shown the sword of Wallace, he said: "I do not see how it could win such victories." "Ah, sir," said the guide, "you don't see the arm that wielded it."

We need all the grace and tact we can acquire through studying the best models and imitating their example; but if we are mere imitators, our lives will be void of real power. We must be filled with the same Spirit who wrought in and through his noble ones.—Christian Union.

A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE.

By Kathleen Eddy Mundy.

It was grandmother's birthday. Sister was busy making the cake. Ned and Helen had gone to the woods for flowers, and no one was paying much attention to three-year-old Dorothy, who wandered about the house at her own free will.

Her little hands were into everything. After sister's neat bureau drawers were turned topsy-turvy, the clean handkerchiefs all unfolded and sprinkled with cologne, Dorothy went into mother's room.

On the dresser stood an attractive little blue velvet box. The cover was soon off, and "Pretty, pretty," said Dorothy, as she took out a shining gold thimble. She put the cover on again, and trotted off with the thimble in her hand.

An hour or so later sister hurried into mother's room, and, seizing the little blue box, ran downstairs and laid it by grandmother's plate on the prettily-decorated table.

When father led grandmother out to dinner, Helen gave her the box, saying—

"A s'pise for you, grandmother."

Grandmother opened it, and certainly every one was surprised, for the box was empty.

"Why, why! Where is it?" shouted Ned.

"All gone," said Dorothy, smiling sweetly. "Baby find it!"

And she slid down from her high chair and went into the kitchen, followed by mother. In a few moments they returned.

"She must have had it and left it on the kitchen table, for she went right there; but it is not to be found," said mother.

"Oh, we'll soon find it," said grandmother.

But still the children looked very sad and hardly smiled when the big cake was brought in.

"Grandmother must cut it," said father, as he handed her the knife.

Grandmother had carefully cut several slices, when she suddenly cried, "Why, what's this?" and drew out the missing thimble.

"Dere's fimble!" said Dorothy, delightedly.

"How do you s'pose it ever got in the cake?" Helen asked.

"I believe I can guess," said sister. "The cake was in the pan on the table just before it was put in the oven, and Dorothy must have had the thimble and dropped it in. She was in the kitchen this morning just about that time."

"I call this an all-round surprise party, don't you, grandmother?" said Ned.—*Sunday-school Times*.